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The Golden-Rod

Quincy High School



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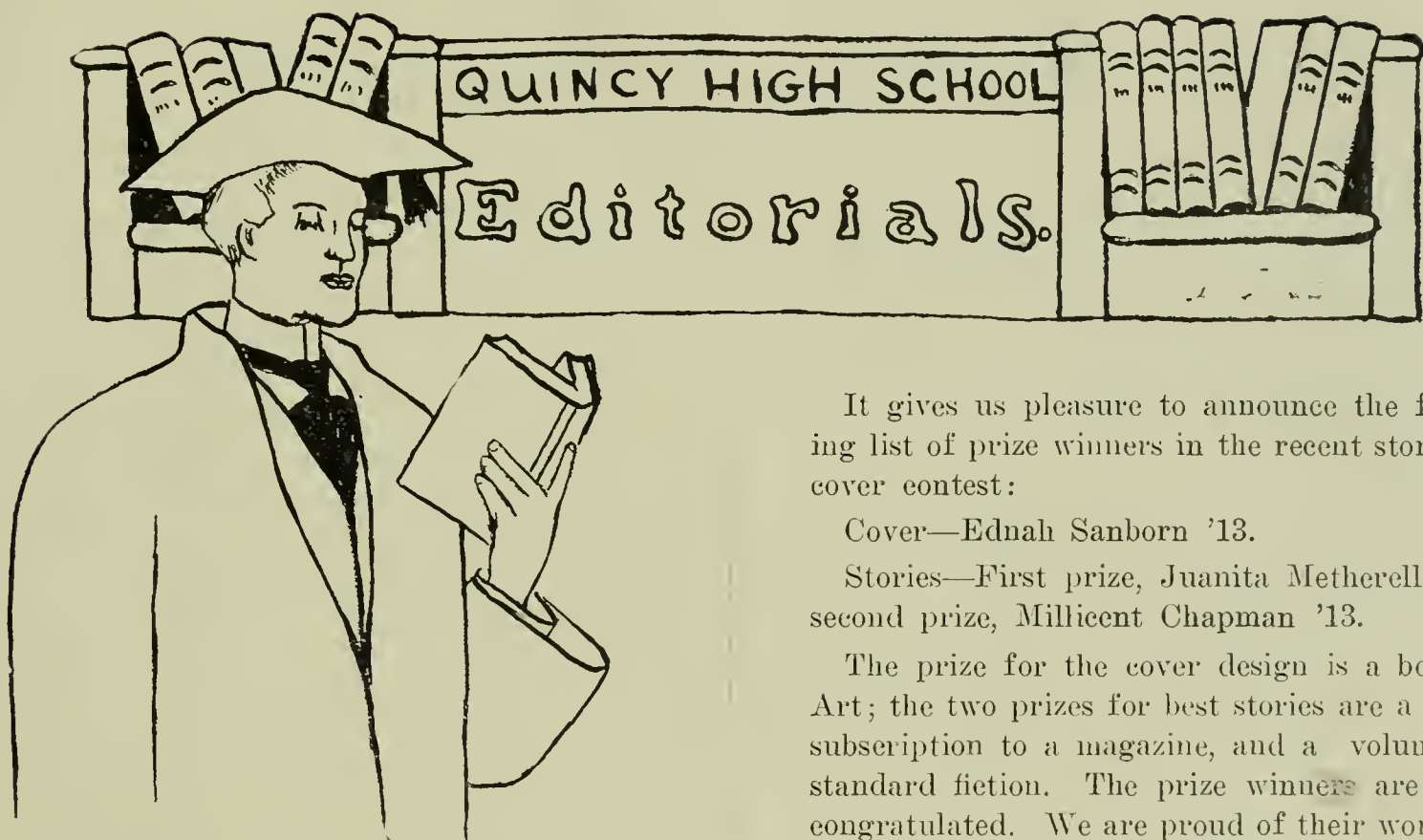


FOOT BALL TEAM 1911
QUINCY 6, BROCKTON 0

Photo by News

The Golden-Rod

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We have now been back at school for nearly three months, and the enthusiasm with which all the classes have entered upon the work and pleasures of school life promises a very successful year.

We extend a hearty welcome to the new teachers: Miss Crane, Miss Zeller, Miss O'Neil, Miss Abbott, Miss Douglas, Mr. Staff and Mr. Mansur, and we sincerely hope that they may find their work both pleasant and profitable.

Freshmen, we welcome you, too! You are a large, bright-looking class, and we invite your cooperation in making the Golden-Rod a success. You are the juniors and seniors to be—you will graduate in 1915, that best of all years. Resolve to be the best class that was ever graduated from this school, and begin now to carry out that resolution.

It gives us pleasure to announce the following list of prize winners in the recent story and cover contest:

Cover—Ednah Sanborn '13.

Stories—First prize, Juanita Metherell '12; second prize, Millicent Chapman '13.

The prize for the cover design is a book on Art; the two prizes for best stories are a year's subscription to a magazine, and a volume of standard fiction. The prize winners are to be congratulated. We are proud of their work and of all the stories we are printing. They are an especially good collection, and were it possible, we would award prizes for them all.

We wish to thank all those who have contributed to the Golden-Rod. Do not be discouraged if your contribution was not printed this time. Try again! "It is better to be a good loser than a good winner." We want all the material we can get, so start in now, and give us something for the next number.

The girls of the senior, junior and sophomore classes are planning a reception to be given to the football boys on Friday evening, December fifteenth, where the following boys will receive Q's for their efforts on the gridiron: Chapman, Johnson, Bill, Young, Andrews, White, Larkin, Blackmur, Prout, Finlay, Holmes, Page, and Crane.

We have recently received our report cards (unpleasant things, but necessary nevertheless), and many of us feel a bit discouraged, especially the freshmen, who find the work here in High School so different from that of other schools. Let us cheer up and make our failures an incentive to harder work! In olden times the

knights were not disheartened by lack of early success—it spurred them on.

Just a word about class dues! Start the term right by paying your class treasurer each month. We need the money! Don't forget!



The Victory of the Violets

As Tom just remarked, the schoolroom “looked pretty good” after a long summer vacation, and although Richard Spencer had, with a stupid yawn, pronounced it the worst luck he knew of, to have to settle down to work again, he was harshly reprimanded by a chorus of voices.

“No wonder it’s hard to come back when you have done nothing all summer but play tennis with the ladies and have ‘pink teas’ served to you” said Jim Cox, “but just think what it would mean to you if you couldn’t come back to dear old Willowmere,—and by the way Spence, why the deuce don’t you quit growing that ‘mush?’ You look just like a Harvard Freshman, with that row of fuzz on your upper lip.”

What Jim had said was probably true. A general uproar ensued, but was soon ended when a conversation about studies was taken up. Tom Lee, lounged on the window seat lazily; his eyes wandered over the beloved campus, that Nature had tinted so wonderfully, with her skilful brush. It looked like a piece of tapestry, each thread and color woven to form some design. The sun hung in the west, casting, as might a golden veil, a pale light, over all. Down the road from under the colored archways strode a fellow, carrying a suitcase. “He has a familiar gait” thought Tom, “I wonder who he is?” Presently Tom’s gaze grew more intent, his look changed suddenly to one of recognition; out of the room he sped like a flash, and across the campus.

“Why it’s Dan, boys,” said Richard as he went to the window to see the cause of Tom’s

hasty departure. No need of a second announcement of the fact, for the fellows crowded to the door and gave the all-important Dan a hearty cheer. Dan’s good nature, and friendly way made him the most popular fellow in school.

“Where’s Jerry?” asked the group all in one breath, “Why isn’t he with you?”

For the first time, Dan’s face clouded and he looked anxious as he threw his suitcase on the floor, lit a cigarette and made himself comfortable in the depths of an armchair.

“It’s like this: Jerry’s father has married again—*married*, mind you—and Jerry didn’t know anything of it until he received a telegram today, saying that Mr. Marshall would bring his wife home tomorrow night. We fellows all know what pals Jerry and his father have been since Mrs. Marshall died,—poor old chap—he lost her just when he needed her most, he suffered more than, than any of us ever dreamed of, and now—to have a new mother,—it is pretty hard, for him.

“Gee” said Spencer, “I’d never stand for that: I’d tell my father what I thought of him, and live over here at school.”

“Go on, you wouldn’t do any such thing; probably Jerry will find a good friend in his new mother,—you wait and see,” said Jim.

“Well, it’ll be mighty hard for him just the same,” said Tom.

As the dinner bell sounded, the fellows all scattered to their respective rooms, each wondering just how far this change might affect their chum’s future life.

* * * *

Next day when Dan went to Jerry's home, he found an entirely different Jerry than he had ever known; he was still depressed in spirits and had evidently spent a sleepless night.

"Well, it's half past four, and at five they're due, so come on, get a move on—put away your old kimona and tumble into some presentable clothes," said Dan.

"See here old man" said Jerry, turning and looking his would-be-comforter full in the face. "Do you think I am anxious to see my father and his bride tonight? Well,—I'm not—and when they ask for me,—tell them—I got hurt in the scrimmage the other day. Dan,—and his voice became almost a whisper—you've never lost your mother, and had nothing but sweet memories of her to cling to, for the last eight or nine years." At this his voice broke and he turned from Dan to hide his emotion.

"Poor old chap," thought Dan to himself; he knew however that this kind of sympathy would never do, so with a blow on the back that made Jerry start, he burst out, "You'll make a fine, full-back if you get knocked out at this sort of a thing. Get up! and face it, and I'll tell you the best yet,—Willowmere Eleven has been challenged by the Kingston team!"

Now for the first time since Jerry learned of his father's marriage, his mind dwelt on something else. Foot ball,—his school,—that was enough; he was up and asking questions.

Just then the gate clicked and both boys rushed to the window. On the lawn below stood a woman. The observers had just time enough to admire this slender figure, dressed in brown, standing with a look of rapture as she paused before the entrance to her new home.

The voice of Mr. Marshall rang through the house; he had called Jerry twice. At last Dan pushed him from the window, and together they descended the stairs.

It was a hard moment for Jerry when his eyes met for the first time that earnest, enduring gaze. He was like one in a dream; he saw her sweet motherly face, and in his dream, heard nothing save her rich voice, when he was awakened by his father saying:

"A new Mother my son."

A new mother indeed, thought Jerry as he

passed to the window. Dan hoped that Mrs. Marshall would not detect the reluctance in her son's manner, but was put at rest when she began questioning him, only to receive jerks for answers.

"Say, she's a trump!" exclaimed Dan as they sat in Jerry's room later, and the strains of "Love's Old Sweet Song," floated up from the music room, to them, in a rich contralto voice.

"You seem to be most favorably impressed with her," retorted Jerry. "Glad you are, good night."

* * * * *

"You'll be sure and come, won't you Mrs. Marshall?" asked Dan on the morning of the game. "Are you interested in foot-ball? *Never* seen a game, wouldn't go because you'd hate to see the men hurt? You don't think you'll go? Oh, but come this afternoon and you'll be just as interested as any one else. Come for Jerry's sake. Just think, that boy has played for three years, and has never had a mother to cheer for him. He's a sure man, once he *gets* that ball, down the field he tears,—and remember—violet is our color!" and away he went calling back,— "You'll be proud of your son, tonight, all right."

"Proud of my son," repeated Mrs. Marshall. "I have been here since early fall and he hasn't spoken a friendly word or taken me into his confidence yet,—but then—I understand. Poor boy, never had a mother to cheer him on to victory, well he is going to have one now. I wonder if he'd want me to go to the game?"

After all, she was nothing but a girl when she tripped across the lawn to order violets for the afternoon.

When Dan reached the gymnasium and announced that Mrs. Marshall was going to the game, a cheer went up, for every fellow was glad that now the only motherless chap on the team had someone to be interested in him.

At three o'clock the sun, a big golden ball, lingered on the neighboring hilltops; a stiff autumnal breeze whistled across the field. The grass firm and stiff underfoot, snuggled close to the warmth of mother earth.

From the "gym" trotted a young giant with a foot ball in his arms, then two more and so on

until twenty cleated feet thudded on the sod. These were the boys, who were going forth, before mothers and sweethearts, sisters and the world, to fight for the honor of their Alma Mater.

Willowmere side was a field of violet, while from Kingston, waved orange flags. As the Elevens took their places, cheer after cheer arose and Kingston's yell ended:

"We want a touchdown, one, two, three of them,

Boys. Oh! tell us, can you make that goal to-day?"

From the Willowmere side there was a flutter of purple flags and a cheer for each boy was given. Every fellow's muscles were drawn and each one vowed in his innermost heart that his team should win. The referee's whistle sounded, the ball was in the air; and amid cheers the two teams clashed.

The Kingstons were easy for the Willowmeres. No man was keener or faster on his feet than Jerry, especially when he darted behind a splendidly formed interference, around Kingston's end, carrying the pigskin forty yards to Kingston's goal. This was the first score. It was while Tom was preparing to kick the goal, that Jerry glanced up long enough to see the eager faces beaming down on the players; suddenly he caught the odor of violets and a great feeling of relief and pride,—perhaps something else rushed over him, as he realized that his mother was wearing them.

In another moment the ball was in play and Bill Day was rushing down the field. Again there were cheers, but Jerry saw only one violet handkerchief, heard only one encouraging voice.

"First down, Willowmere's ball, ten yards to make!" called the referee.

Signals were given, the ball was passed from the center to the back; Jerry started around the end; Kingston's tackle grabbed him, threw him on his back and secured the ball.

The referee helped them up, and in opposition to Kingston's cheers announced, "Kingston's ball."

Jerry's shoulder pained; he could hardly see; he knew he was harming his team to play in

such a condition. But an imaginary breath of violets floated through the air and he could *not* give it up. He got into position; signals were given; His opposing man played for him and Jerry was hurled to the ground. When the other players picked themselves up, he did not move, but lay motionless. Time was called—there was a silence, not a sound save the footsteps of his mother as she bravely walked alone, down the stadium to the side line, just as Jerry was carried off.

When he recovered his senses, he opened his eyes amid the perfume of violets and saw Mrs. Marshall bending over him.

"It's your collar bone, my boy," she said as she gently bathed his face. "You'll trust me won't you?"

He nodded assent. "Who is playing full-back?" he asked.

"Bates," said Mrs. Marshall.

Jerry closed his eyes in despair and listened to the cheers of the Kingston boys until his head was worn out.

"We'll go home just as soon as your father comes with the carriage, and I'll leave a note with Dan, asking the team up to dinner."

* * * * *

"Does it still pain?" asked Mrs. Marshall later, as she stroked the tousled head resting on the pillow.

Jerry shook his head, "It isn't the pain, he said, "It is something about Kingston's end, you saw it all, I know?" He waited for her answer.

"Yes, I saw it Jerry! It was dirty play, he slugged and as the referee did not see it, nothing could be done, but if they win it will be a gratification to you, for it was gained by false play."

There was a pause,—"Mother,"—said Jerry—At this word and tone, Mrs. Marshall's face filled with an expression of happiness and triumph; for now, it seemed that this boy's heart had grown big enough to include her. "It was mighty good of you to ask the fellows to dinner."

"I hear them coming now, they couldn't have won." She hastened down stairs to greet the boys.

"Where is Jerry?" shouted Dan.

Upstairs they tore, a cheer that filled the house, was given Jerry and as the tears stood in Jerry's eyes he heard the score. "Nine to six in Kingston's favor."

When the boys carried him down to the dining room the sweet breath of violets came to him again. The table was a bed of violets and Elizabeth Marshall stood at the head, gowned in a black dress, still wearing the withered flowers of the afternoon's game. Her rich and steady voice mingled with the deep and earnest voices of the sons of Willowmere, as they stood at their places and sang their college song. Jerry lay on the couch watching the fellows enjoying their first real dinner since training, but his mind was far away, thinking of greater things than dinner.

"I don't know when I've had such a good time Jerry—and your mother—why Jerry she's just great," remarked Tom.

"I know she is, she's more than that," answered Jerry with emotion.

It was after the boys had gone back to Willowmere and Elizabeth Marshall was in Jerry's room bathing his tired head, that the boy took from her waist the faded flowers and pressed them to his lips. "Mother," said he, "I've lost the game,—but I've won a greater victory—one over myself. A happy smile played about his face as he looked down at the withered flowers and said:

"My favorites—always—Violets for Victory."

Juanita Metherall '12.



"Jack"

It was three o'clock on a winter afternoon. Sylvia Huntington was making preparations to leave that night for New York where she was to spend a few days with a friend and incidentally do some shopping. She was upstairs packing when the telephone rang in the hall below. She went down and answered:

"Telegram for Miss Sylvia Huntington," the operator said, as she proceeded to read the following message: "'New York, January thirteenth. Arrive in Boston tonight. See you at 8.30, Jack.' Now please read it to see if you have it right," she said.

"Are you quite sure the name is Jack?" gasped Sylvia.

"Yes, just signed 'Jack.'"

"Then I have it all right, thank you."

When Sylvia hung up the receiver her face was flushed and her eyes, brilliant. She sat quite still and thought: "Surely, it can't be Jack, up here in New York, and yet in his last letter, he said it was barely possible he might have to come on business soon. I can't imagine

why I am so glad! O what if I had started before the telegram came!"

Sylvia hurried upstairs to her mother's room, her dark blue eyes dancing, her auburn hair flying in disorder around her face.

"Was it some one for you, Sylvia?" Mrs. Huntington asked.

"O mother dear, you can't imagine who is coming tonight! It's Jack Norton. He's coming to Boston and will be out here at 8.30 this evening!"

"But why has he left Virginia, I wonder?"

"Business, I suppose. You know they need things for construction that they can't get down there."

"How about your trip to New York, dear? It's too bad things have happened this way. Of course you could go to New York—later. Jack will probably have only a few days here. You two have been such chums, it would doubtless be a disappointment were he to find you away. I shall be happy to see him."

So Sylvia hastily sent a telegram to Judith.

Then she went back to her room; and as she folded away the dainty things she had been packing, she thought of Jack, and wondered if he had changed any during his long absence in the south.

Jack Norton, by the way, was a hustling young engineer in charge of a large piece of construction in Virginia. He and Sylvia had been schoolmates; had lived side by side; she had always been Jack's special charge, even during college days. In fact, they had been brother and sister to each other for all these years, and the parting, a year ago, had been harder for both than anyone knew. The following year of separation had only served to strengthen the bonds of affection between them, and to make each realize more fully, the value of the other's friendship.

The hands of the library clock on the mantel pointed to quarter past eight. Mr. and Mrs. Huntington and Annt Susan were up in the den. Downstairs there was a soft green light on the table and a cozy fire in the grate; the little mission clock continued to tick the minutes away solemnly which were bringing Jack nearer. Except for this, the house seemed strangely still.

Sylvia walked from the fire-place to the window and back again; she looked in the mirror at her reflection and wondered if her gown was becoming, and if Jack would like it. (She need not have wondered, however, for never did a mirror give forth a more enchanting reflection of girlish simplicity and loveliness.) It was half past eight now—someone was coming up the street! Nearer and nearer the footsteps came. Sylvia breathed more quickly as she stood by the fire waiting. But the traveler turned a corner and the sounds died in the distance.

"Why am I so silly?" she asked herself. "I am acting like a child. But dear me, a year is a long, long time!"

More footsteps! They came straight up the street—no turning this time—and now someone was really mounting the piazza steps! But he was whistling—and it didn't sound just like Jack.

Sylvia opened the door. "Hello, cousin Sylvia," cried a boyish voice, as a kiss was lightly planted on her cheek. "Looking just as pretty as ever! My, but aren't we togged out this evening! Not in my honor surely?"

"Why Jack Arnold," gasped Sylvia weakly, sinking into a chair, as the whole truth flashed upon her.

"What's the matter, Sylvia? Didn't you get my telegram? I say now, aren't you glad to see your cousin?"

Slowly Sylvia rose and regained her former self-possession. "Why of course I'm delighted to see you Jack, but you've grown so—" she finished lamely. "What in the world have you been doing in New York?"

"Dad had to go so he took me with him and I thought, since we were so near, I'd run up and see you while he's busy in New York."

When Jack was seated in the library, Sylvia ran up to tell her parents, hiding her disappointment as best she could. They agreed to say nothing about it to Cousin Jack.

Later, as Jack was telling funny college stories, and wondering if his cousin had grown quieter since his last visit, the telephone rang. Sylvia started, and went quickly to the hall. "Hello," she said quietly.

"Hello, Sylvia," said a deep, familiar voice. "it's Jack. Thought I wouldn't tell you I was coming so it would be a surprise. It's a hurried trip, and I have to start back day after tomorrow." He paused, but the girl was too glad to reply. "I know it's late," he went on, "but couldn't I come out tonight? I want to tell you something and—it won't keep till morning."

Sylvia had found her voice. "Yes, do," she said happily. "We'll be so glad to see you again."

When she went back to the library, Sylvia was her old self again. "It was so thoughtful of you to telegraph Jack," she said. "You know if you hadn't, I should have been away to-night."

Elizabeth Howard '12.

A Lucky Shot

Hal walked slowly across the campus, as the last rays of a gorgeous October sunset died in the west. The leaves were falling and as he rustled along through those that lay under the large oak trees, he left an open trail. Just as he rounded the corner of North Hall, he bumped square into a young man.

"Hello, Hal Turner," said the newcomer, "Fine day, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Sandy," said Hal, "I only hope tomorrow will be as good."

"Oh!" and Sandy's face fell—"I forgot to tell you. Hal,—you're down in Latin." Prof. Smith read the names of those who were deficient and I'm sorry to say yours was among them. Capt. Jones and Coach Riley are all worked up over it as well as all the fellows."

Hal could not speak for an instant. "Thanks to you, Sandy," he said, then walked on. Could it be possible that he was down in Latin?

On the next day the big game with Glendale Academy was to come. He must play in that game. He had been very ill Thursday, on account of a blow received in a practice scrimmage, he had gone to the doctor, who detained him until it was too late for Latin recitation. Hal had then gone to the Dean who gave him a note to be taken to Prof. Smith. With the note was to go his note book which had been due on Thursday. He remembered now that Prof. Smith had demanded all books on that day. So that was why he was down.

At that moment, a young lady stopped Hal and asked him a lot of foolish questions; this delayed him for nearly half an hour. When he left her, he pulled out his watch and looked at the time. It was four-ten and the Prof.'s train left at four-thirty. Hal broke into a run. He cleared the steps of South Hall, dashed up the stairs and into his room. He made a dive for his note book, which lay on the table, and without a word to his astonished room-mate, who sat studying, was off.

Once outside Hal settled into a quick run. The station lay about three-quarters of a mile distant. Down the street he flew, past the

library, fire station, and town hall, now down the long, straight road that led to the train. No. 22's headlight was just shining around the curve.

"There she is," said Hal to himself and he set his teeth and "dug."

He swung on the steps of the last car and sat winded in the rear seat. After getting his breath, he stood up and looked in vain, the length of the car, for a familiar head of white hair. He walked through every coach until he reached the front of the train, but he saw no Prof. Smith. His heart failed him when he thought of chasing him all this way and missing him.

"Avondale," "Avondale," shouted the brakeman as the train stopped. Hal leaning out, saw Prof. Smith step unconcernedly from the baggage car into a waiting carriage. Then he remembered that Prof. Smith always rode in the baggage car on his way home. Springing swiftly from the train he dashed after the carriage. It was gaining on him rapidly. He quickened his speed, but only to realize how futile his effort was. He became desperate. As a last resort, he stopped and picked up a stone. Taking aim he let it fly at the big hind light of the carriage and—crash—went the glass.

"Whoa," shouted the coachman, as he dismounted, whip in hand, and spied Hal running toward him. He was just about to lay the whip on the fellow when the Prof. stepped out of the carriage.

"Why, Turner," he exclaimed, "What does this mean?"

Then Hal explained all, giving Prof. Smith the note from the Dean with his note-book. The professor stepped over to the bright window of the village drug store that he might see to read it. While he was gone the coachman glared at Hal; meanwhile the boy carelessly drew forth a bill in payment for the broken light, whereupon the driver's expression changed to one of bewilderment. Presently Prof. Smith returned with Hal's note-book signed. After giving the student a stern lecture and warning him never

to repeat his actions, he jumped into the carriage and the door closed with a bang.

The next morning dawned clear and cold. Hal went down to the "gym" and presented his note to Coach Riley who accepted it gladly. Yells of delight followed by three cheers for Prof. Smith were heard.

That afternoon the grand stands were packed; banks of red on one side shouted defiance to those of orange and black on the other. At three o'clock the teams came on the field and after the toss-up the whistle blew and the game was on. Hal was at right end for Thurston Academy. Their opponents outweighed them and it was a question now of speed instead of weight. The first, second, and third quarters passed with Glendale hammering Thurston's line for big gains. With the ball on Thurston's twenty-yard-line, the fourth quarter started. At the signal, Hal crept way out on the line and waited. Sandy snapped him a forward pass; he

dodged the end and was off. Down the field he flew over the white lines until Glendale's quarterback nailed him on his ten-yard-line. Then Potter, Thurston's full-back, smashed through for five yards more. On a "fake" end-run Sandy wriggled through for a touchdown. Chaos reigned in the banks of orange and black as Potter kicked goal just as time was called.

Hal and Sandy walking slowly back to the "gym" after escaping the crowd, spied a head of bushy white hair in the front of Thurston's stand. The owner saw them at the same time and waved a silk hat. Hal returned the salute by waving a jersey at Prof. Smith, for he it was.

As they walked on further, Sandy said, "I'll bet, in his heart, Prof. Smith is glad he signed your book Hal."

"I guess so," said Hal, but I'm mighty glad I hit that tail light."

Edwin Brown '13.



He Conquereth Who Will

Was there ever a boy of twelve with such curly hair, such heavenly blue eyes, such a nose—just pug enough to be cute—and such freckles as Tommy Perkins? Was there ever a boy who looked so manly in faded blue shirt, patched trousers, and a pair of shoes which might have been his father's in days gone by, as Tommy Perkins? Was there ever a boy who walked home from school with a girl; who carried her books; who could tell so much about a ball game: who the Red Sox Pitcher was, all about the latest murder, all about the latest train accident, and all about the Barnum and Bailey Circus, as Tommy Perkins did? Never! At least that's what Sally Snobbs thought,—before Charles Du Poncey, the thirteen year old son of a New York Banker, came to stay with his uncle, the wealthiest farmer in Townsbrough, and to go to the Townsbrough School while his parents went abroad.

Charles wore his hair pompadour; he also wore a white shirt, a stiff collar, a neck-tie, a

thing almost unheard of in Townsbrough; and most wonderful of all he wore patent leather pumps. He sat beside Sally and, after school, when Tommy asked her if he might walk home with her, before she could answer, Charles stepped up and, displaying a new one dollar bill, asked her to go down to the village with him and have an ice cream.

The next day, the day following that, and still the day following, Sally paid no attention to Tommy. The latter spent each of them and the succeeding nights in gloom. But on the fourth day, in pure desperation, he placed in Sally's desk, before school, a note which read: "Oh thou fickle headed monster thing, who would want to be thy king?" He could not remember where he had seen those words, or who said them, but what did that matter as long as they suited the purpose?

When Sally read the note, she laughed and passed it to Charlie, who said, "Huh, he's just trying to get you back again, but don't you pay

any attention to him, he's nothing but a low farmer's son."

Tommy, who sat behind Charlie, heard these words, and could have punched his rival for calling him a low farmer's son—but school was no place for punching.

The next day Tommy's love for Sally returned and he put in her desk a nice red apple, which she promptly gave to the teacher. Nothing daunted, however, the next day Sally's irrepressible swain placed a peppermint stick in her desk, but that she threw into the waste basket. This was more than Tommy could stand, so the next morning, a few moments before the school bell rang, he tied a spider to a string and dangled it before Sally's nose. "At least," he thought, "I'll have the satisfaction of hearing her scream." But Sally pretended not to see it.

Charlie saw it though, and turning to Tommy said, "You're a coward, Tommy Perkins, and I'd like to punch the head off of you for plaguing my girl."

"She ain't your girl, Charles Du Poncey."

"She is, too."

"I say she ain't yours, she's mine."

"She is not yours, she's mine, so there Tommy Perkins, and if you say she's yours again, I'll knock you down and sit on you."

"Don't dare ter, smarty, cause you'd get the worst of it," replied Tommy.

"Bet I do dare to, freshy Perkins."

Both boys were so busily quarreling that they did not know that the school bell had rung, until they were told to stay in from recess, and one-half hour after school.

All that afternoon and after school, the young antagonists sat and glared at one another. When they were finally dismissed, the fight began in real earnest, and such punching and pounding as was carried on in the little Townsbrough school yard will always be remembered by the two spectators, Sally Snobbs, who waited after school for Charlie, and Nellie Green, who stayed to help the teacher. Before very long, Charles, who got the worst of the fight, went home with two black eyes, a bloody nose and a long scratch on his left cheek. When Sally saw Charles go off crying, she ran up to Tommy and said, "Oh, Tommy, can you ever forgive me for treating you so mean, for a coward like Charles Du Poncey, when you are such a big brave man?"

"Aw, yer needn't try any of that soft soaping business around here, 'cause I just won't stand for it," haughtily replied Tommy. Then turning to Nellie Green, he put his hand in his pocket, produced a bright new dime and triumphantly said, "Come on, Nellie, let's go down to Dusenbury's and get an ice cream cone."

Millicent Chapman '13.



The Last Game

Rupert Harris lay on a couch on the second floor balcony of St. Luke's Hospital, one day near the the last of November. He was a tall, well-built young fellow, about eighteen years old, with a sunburned face that told of outdoor life. At present, one of his long legs, inclosed in a cast, was stretched stiffly before him, while with the other foot he tapped the floor, fretfully. Rupert was in no very amiable frame of mind. The house surgeon had said, during his morning visit to his patient, that although

the fracture was mending nicely, the boy must stay at the hospital two weeks longer. As this was the end of his seventh week there, Rupert was not particularly pleased at the doctor's announcement.

Suddenly the occupant of the balcony sat up, bracing himself on his elbow. The voice of someone passing in the street below had attracted his attention. He peered cautiously over the railing. Walking rapidly along the sidewalk were a young man and a girl. The fellow Ru-

pert did not recognize, but the girl's hat and her banner with the gray "M" on it, were unmistakable.

"Janet!" exclaimed the watcher, under his breath. Then it all came over him like a flash. The TWENTY-FIFTH!! The doctor's announcement of the morning had completely driven it from his mind. Why, this was the day to which Rupert and every student in the Milford High school had been looking forward, for weeks. Today the great game between Milford and Avon was played. Apparently Janet hadn't given a thought to him. Rupert muttered to himself, because she had gone by without even glancing at the building. She was too glad that she was going to the game to think about anything else. The boy lay down again, rather sullenly, it must be admitted.

Although Rupert did not know it, the whole scene had been observed by a gentleman who was passing in an automobile. It was Dr. Kendall, Janet's father. He was very well acquainted with boys and girls and he had taken in the whole affair, almost at a glance.

"Rupert, you are wanted at Dr. Warren's office," said one of the nurses, coming out on the balcony a few minutes later. Dr. Warren was the house surgeon, and Rupert was not over anxious to see him.

When the boy entered the office, Dr. Warren said, "Dr. Kendall has called to take you to ride, if you care to go. I have no objection."

Rupert soon found himself comfortably seated in the tonneau of a big Winton. How he did wish that the doctor would ask him where he would like to go!

"Suppose we go out to the ball game!" exclaimed Dr. Kendall; "I'd like to see it, and I think you would too."

So Rupert found himself speeding toward the place where he most desired to be at that moment, namely, Konuit Park, where the game was to be played.

Janet Kendall and her companion arrived at the ball field rather early, and, after finding good seats, settled themselves to watch proceedings. The Milford supporters had taken the left grand stand, and Avon the right.

Suddenly a burst of cheering and a waving of green flags announced the coming of the

Avon team. They were followed almost immediately by the Milford eleven who were greeted even more vociferously by the wearers of the gray and red. Each team tried its signals and went through a little preliminary practice.

Just as the referee was about to call the game a large auto came chugging onto the field. Instantly everyone on the Milford stand was on his feet, cheering, waving, going through the wildest demonstrations of joy. Dr. Kendall and Rupert, for they were the occupants of the car, bowed and waved in return. Even the visitors caught the infection and made as much noise as the rest. The Milford team gathered around the auto, almost forgetting the game for a few minutes.

"Gee, wouldn't I like to be you fellows today!" exclaimed the invalid, his present appearance rather belying his speech.

The referee's whistle prevented further conversation, and Rupert settled back to watch the game. As the team took their places, he glanced hastily over the crowd of spectators, then turned to the field again, but not before he had seen Janet and The Stranger in the front row of the stand. After that Rupert kept his face resolutely turned the other way.

The first two periods had no very exciting points. The teams were well matched. At the end of the second period the score was 6—5 in Milford's favor. Avon had failed to kick the goal after a very exciting touchdown.

During the interval before the game recommenced, Rupert held quite a reception. Even the Avonites came over to speak to him, for a football man is always a hero, and a maimed one is especially admired. The boy enjoyed it. What person, boy or girl, old or young, doesn't like to be lionized? Perhaps Rupert flirted a little with some of the girls, who were grouped around him, but it's a way boys have, when they wish to spite some one young lady.

After the game began again, Avon worked her score up to 11, by a touchdown after a forty yard run, and a goal, while Milford still stood at 6.

All the excitement came during the fourth period. The opposing team held the ball between its three and five yard lines, and were pushing it hard, when it was fumbled and came to Mil-

ford. Slowly they worked it back to Avon's ten yard line. Then Park, Milford's quarter back, suddenly gathered the ball under his arm and started for the goal. Past man after man he raced, jumping over the last two, until the ball was deposited fairly over the line. Eleven to eleven. Only one minute was left in which to kick the goal, but they did it. The spectators fairly held their breath until the ball went squarely between the posts. The day was won. The last game of the season was a victory for Milford.

After the cheering, congratulations, and all the other excitement was over, Dr. Kendall settled Rupert carefully in the car, and made ready to go home.

"Shall we have Janet ride up with us?" asked the physician, looking keenly at the boy's face.

"Just as you wish," was the reply, in a tone which he tried to make indifferent.

The doctor hurried away in search of his daughter. When they came back, Rupert saw that The Stranger still followed in Janet's wake.

"I didn't believe she'd be as mean as that," the boy muttered to himself.

Janet came straight to the side of the car, turning to The Stranger, she said, "This is Rupert, Harry. Rupert, I want you to meet my cousin from the South. I have never seen him before today, so we are just getting acquainted."

To herself, Janet added, "How foolish boys are!"

Marion Rand, '13.



Samantha's Beau

Samantha French, living in the small remote, country town of Greenville, did not have much of a chance for a beau. She was fairly good looking, with light hair and blue eyes, and although only twenty-one years old, she supported her mother by collecting eggs, as her father had died when she was young. The profit gained in this manner, although not very large, was enough to provide for their desires during the year.

She had few friends her own age, and the only time she had real company was when Mrs. Page and her daughter, Mary, came from Boston to visit Mrs. Oldham, who lived next door. Mrs. Page was Mrs. Oldham's sister, who had married and moved to Boston. There Mary had been brought up and had become engaged to a young man named Frank Hunt. When Mary visited Mrs. Oldham this summer and told Samantha how her Frank took her to the theatre and to dances Samantha first began to feel badly because she had no beau.

One day Mary came over while Samantha was packing her eggs. "Why don't you write your address on an egg and send it off to Boston?"

suddenly asked Mary. On receiving no response, Mary explained further, "I have read in stories where the man who finds the egg comes and marries the owner of the address."

However, Samantha didn't seem to grasp Mary's idea and Mary said nothing more about it. After she had thought about it till late that night, Samantha resolved to follow Mary's suggestion. Taking a hammer, she went into the shed where a case of eggs lay ready to be shipped in the morning, and pried open the cover. When she had selected an egg, she took it out and wrote on it "S. G. F., Greenville, N. H." After she had replaced the egg and nailed on the cover, she went to bed happy.

She had waited a week for a reply, during which time she was continually building air castles; then she found in her mail box a letter addressed to "S. G. F., Greenville, N. H., and postmarked "Brookline, Mass." She rushed off to find Mary and taking her by the hand, she led Mary into a field. She nervously opened the letter and was disappointed but not discouraged when she read:

Brookline, Mass.

Miss S. G. F.,

Greenville, N. H.,

Dear Miss;—

If you are the person who ships eggs to Boston, please send me your name and address.

Yours respectfully,

Daniel Young.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, "he must be swell if he lives in Brookline. Frank and I went over there one Sunday and most everybody we saw owned an automobile.

After Mary had gone home, Samantha went into the house and wrote to her Daniel. As this was her first love affair, she knew of no secret understandings between two lovers such as putting the stamp upside down and so she wrote her letter as she had been taught at the district school. She resolved not to tell her mother but to wait and surprise her.

A week had passed. Mary came over every day to see if the much longed for letter had arrived, while Samantha could do no work because her head was so full of her Daniel. When her mother asked her what color her new dress was going to be, she answered absent-mindedly,

"Dan." Her mother, however, being slightly hard of hearing, thought she answered "tan" and let it go at that.

She frequented the village post office so much that the village gossips began to wonder. At last the letter arrived and the manner in which she received it caused them to wonder more. However, Samantha did not notice the onlookers as she walked home with her prized letter.

Arriving home, she did not open the letter at once, but waited until after her supper. Then she took it up into her room so that she could be alone when she read it. At last, summoning all her courage, she opened the envelope with trembling hands and drew forth the letter and read:—

Dear Miss French;—

In your last consignment of eggs, three dozen of them were bad. Hoping that you will make this right, I remain.

Yours respectfully,

Daniel Young.

Brookline, Mass.

That night Samantha went to bed determined to accept no more advice from Mary.

Richard Crane, '13.



Athletics

Captain Johnson with his forty odd men reported for the first practice of the season, Sept. 12, under the competent coaching of Arthur Staff, Brown '10. The prospects were very bright, although there were only four men from last year's team. The schedule arranged by Manager White was as follows:

Sept. 26, Cambridge Latin at Quincy.

Oct. 3, Weymouth High at Quincy.

Oct. 6, Brighton High at Quincy.

Oct. 10, South Boston High at Quincy.

Oct. 14, Medford High at Medford.

Oct. 17, Boston High School of Commerce at Quincy.

Oct. 23, Boston College High at Quincy.

Oct. 30, Brockton High at Quincy.

Nov. 3, Powder Point School at Quincy.

Nov. 7, Melrose High at Quincy.

Nov. 11, Worcester High at Worcester.

Nov. 18, Waltham High at Waltham.

The following games were played:

Sept. 26, 1911. A game marked by loose playing for Quincy and the many successive gains by Cambridge, gave the visitors their first victory over Quincy in four years. Johnson and White starred for Quincy; Bradley for Cambridge. Score; Cambridge 17, Quincy 0.

Oct. 3, 1911. Quincy turned the trick by beating Weymouth High 6-0 at Merry Mount Park. In this game Quincy should have defeated the visitors by a much larger score. The feature of the game was the 60 yard dash by the Weymouth half back. Finlay, Chapman and Larkin played well for Quincy.

Oct. 6, 1911. Quincy defeated Brighton High School 26-0. In this game the local lads showed a great deal of improvement. The tackle around play was used with great success. Johnson of Quincy netted three touchdowns. The whole team worked hard in this game. Finlay on account of a bad ankle was unable to play, but his position was ably filled by Crane.

Oct. 10, 1911. Quincy achieved a third victory by defeating South Boston High 20-0, at

Merry Mount Park. The feature of the game was an 80 yard run and touchdown from the kickoff by White, the Quincy right tackle. Johnson, Holmes and Finlay also scored touchdowns. No goals were kicked.

Oct. 14, 1911. Quincy broke its winning record at Medford by losing to that strong eleven 23-0. The Medford team got the advantage of Quincy from the start. Johnson and Chapman played well for Quincy, while Lawless, Brawley and Grant starred for the winners.

Oct. 17, 1911. In a drizzling rain, Quincy defeated the fast Boston High School of Commerce 5-0. The ball was very slippery and hard to control. Quincy's touchdown was scored from a 35 yard run by Holmes; a 30 yard gain from forward pass to Johnson brought the ball to the opponents' 2-yard line; the ball was then pushed over the goal line for the only touchdown of the game.

Oct. 24, 1911. Quincy won from the heavy Boston College High team by the score of 5-0. In this game, four players were ejected on account of slugging. The visitors were much larger than the local lads, but Quincy's backfield was too fast for the losers. The touchdown was scored on a forward pass to White.

Oct. 31, 1911. Quincy, in one of the best games ever witnessed on Merry Mount Park, defeated her old rival, Brockton High School by a score of 6-0. Brockton, in the first period rushed the ball down to Quincy's two yard line where the home boys held them for downs. During the remainder of the game the ball was under the visitor's goal. The touchdown was scored from a tackle around play by Capt. Johnson, while Page kicked a pretty goal. Finlay, Johnson, Holmes and Larkin starred for Quincy; Blackey for Brockton.

Nov. 3, 1911. Quincy High was defeated by the heavy Powder Point team 5-2. Woodlock, the star end of the Duxbury team, after two attempts, dropped the ball between the goal posts

in the last three minutes of play, allowing the visitors to carry away the honors. Johnson, Page and Finlay played well for the home eleven; Caples and Woodlock for the winners.

Nov. 7, 1911. Quincy won from the fast Melrose High team by a score of 17-0. The local team played a very loose game, only a few men working from start to finish. The special feature was the 60 yard punt by Page, from his own 20 yard line; the ball rolling to the visitor's 5 yard line after it had struck the ground. Finlay played a strong game at full back, netting two touchdowns on straight backs.

Nov. 11, 1911. Quincy High School defeated the strong Worcester High School team 8-0. Page in the third period made a pretty field goal; Larkin followed with a touchdown from a forward pass.

The last football game of the season between Quincy and Waltham High Schools scheduled for Nov. 18th was cancelled by the latter on account of rain. It was a great disappointment to Quincy as the local team felt confident of victory; in addition a delegation of over two hundred "rooters" had practised cheers to be given at the game.

Athletic Captains and Managers for 1911-1912.

Football; Captain, H. Johnson.

Manager; Starrett White.

Basketball; Captain, L. Chapman.

Manager; R. Estey.

Baseball; Captain, M. Blackmur.

Manager; F. Mansur.

Athletic Comments

Capt. Johnson deserves much credit for his fine generalship during the season's games.

Coach Arthur Staff had a great task set before him when he was given command of Capt. Johnson's men. The team was composed of al-

most entirely new players. Mr. Staff deserves much credit for the success of the team.

Mr. Staff will coach the baseball team also.

Mr. Frank Mansur, Brown '10, has kindly offered to manage the 1912 baseball team.

F. Marceau, Q. H. S. '09, won the five mile cross country run at Dartmouth. A great deal is expected of the former Quincy High star, in the Spring intercollegiate meets.

Captain Johnson has gained much fame on his "tackle around" play.

Page '11, has made a big name for himself in his punting this season.

The whole team deserves much credit for its gritty playing during the Brockton game.

John Pfaffman '11, won the fall tennis tournament at Andover.

Quincy has two fine tackles in Johnson and White.

Manager P. Starrett White deserves much credit for the fine schedule arranged this season.

Quincy will undoubtedly have one of the best elevens around Boston next season, as nearly all the players will return.

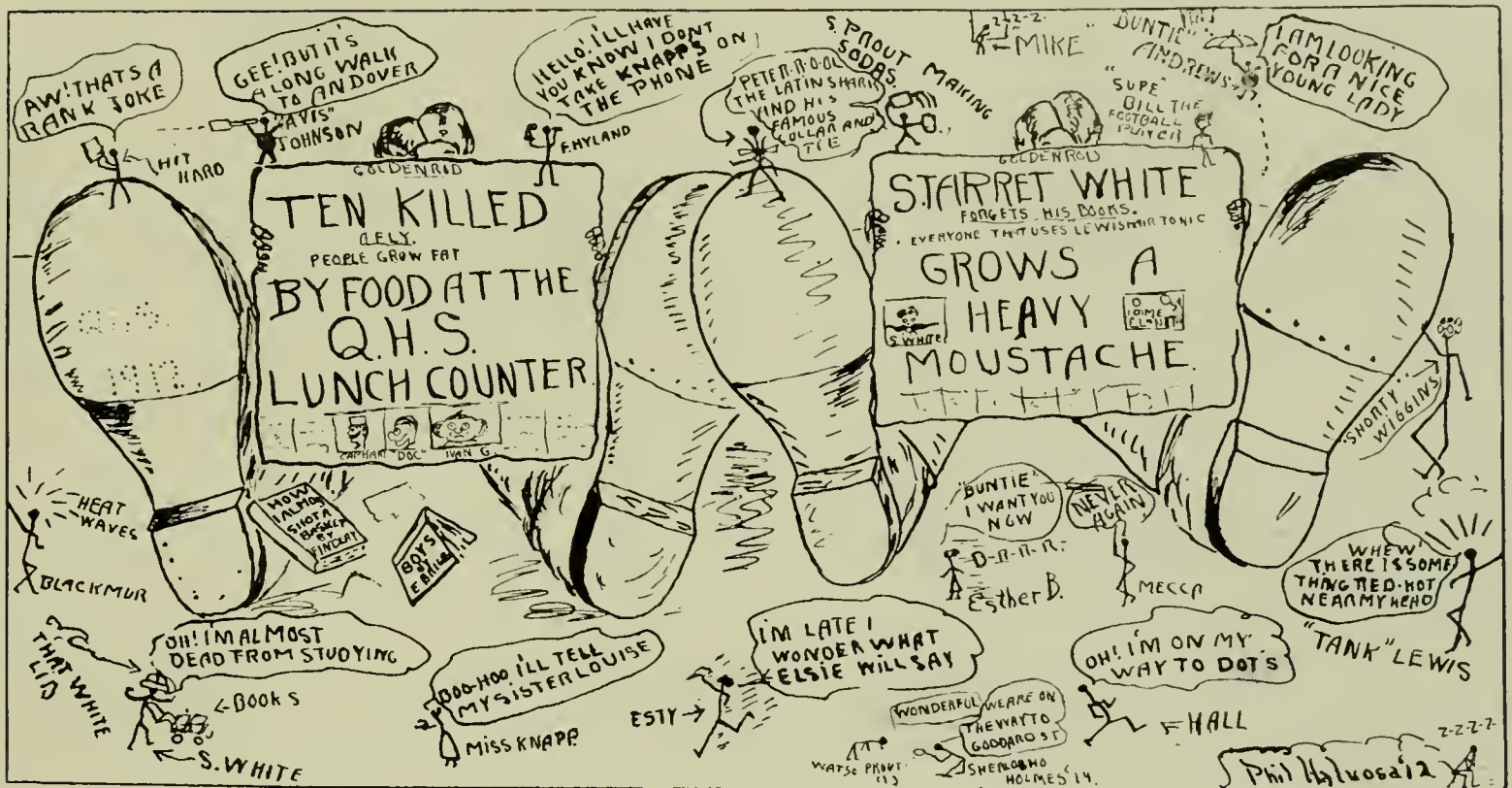
Quincy High School Athletics would be greatly improved had the boys an inclosed field.

There was a decided improvement in the conduct of the football squad on its trip to Worcester.

At the close of a most successful season for Captain Johnson and his boys, the pigskin is laid on the shelf until next season, while even now the dust is being brushed off the basketball which is to take its place.

M. Blackmur,

Athletic Ed. 1912.



Jokes

“Redolentque thyme fragrantia mella—”
 1912—(translating) “And the fragrant honey smelt like time.”

“Doc”—“Do you want to buy a gym suit?”
 1915—“No my mother is going to make over my sister’s for me.”

Teacher—“What are the five senses?”
 Wise Senior—“Nickles.”

1915—“Say, who is that fellow over there with his chest stuck out, wandering around as if he owned the place?”

1913—“He is a last year’s freshie that gave a quarter to help buy the corner stone and he hasn’t gotten over it yet.”

Two pretty maids of the Senior Class who were annoyed by S. White’s heavy monstache denied themselves for a week and presented him with fifteen cents to help the barbers along.

Latin teacher—“Give me the translation for the third person, singular, of the verb to be?”
 Freshie—“He were.”

If no one else can stop her in her wild flight, why not let *Rienhalter*?

1913—(translating German) “He dropped his eyes into her’s.”

“Sally”—“What is force?”
 1913—“Breakfast food.”

Who is it now, Esther?

’12—“Have you seen it?”
 ’13—Seen what?
 ’12—“Curtin’s Sunday hat?”

WANTED—A good, strong, high-chair for Room 2.

1912—"Is pas necessary in that sentence?"

Teacher—"Yes, pas is the most important part."

1912—"Well, how about ma?"

It is reported that "Dot" Lowe has "Sold out to Raymond."

English teacher—"Have you ever read 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea'?"

1912—NO. it is too deep for me.

1912—"Say, German is a cinch, I wish I had taken it. Now look at this. 'Der mutter lobt der Schuler.' Who wouldn't know that that meant 'The mother eloped with the shoes'?"

"Der Engel winkte ihn mit der Hand."

Nimiskern '12—The angel winked at him with his hand.

Mr. Roache—"What was Sir Walter Raleigh noted for?"

S. Prout—"Tobacco."

Although Louise Moyle is tall some day she may be Little.

1913—"Do you believe in the proverb 'Ignorance is Bliss'?"

1912—"Oh! I guess so, you appear to be happy."

Teacher—"What does the Board of Education consist of?"

1912—"The Bored of Education consists of the pupils."

It is reported that Hyland is recovering from that bad habit of taking a Knapp on the telephone.

An Ode to Latin:—

All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death they surely earn it!

Miss Crane—"What is hesitation?"

Coletti—"Something like perspiration."

Roswell Bill is getting quite Hardy by playing football.

The Class of 1912 should have a strong career this year with such Beacon Lights as Lewis and Blackmur to lead them on.

Heard in Math—"Is that line KO all right?"

Bright Senior—"Sure, it's O K."

"The greater the waist

The less the speed."

"Buntie."

Room 23 doesn't seem natural to several members of the Senior Class. Why so quiet?

"Ubi eo ventum est, Caesar initio orationes—"

Soph—"Caesar, wherever the wind blew him initiated the orators."

The College English Class is threatened with the writer's cramp.

"We'd meant to fill this little space

With something so funny you'd have died to see it;

But since the minutes fly apace

We've persuaded ourselves that you do not need it."

Freshie, at lunch counter—"Say, where do they get all the milk?"

1912—"Didn't you know that Charlie Hart keeps a cow in the boiler room?"

"You know my brother is just like me: making witty remarks half the time.

"Sort of half witted, is he?"

"L'Allegro means happy, light, etc."

"Well, I guess L'Allegro would just about suit Starret White as he is light-headed in more ways than one."

Miss Zeller—(asking a question of Spooner and being answered by the whole class)
 “There is only one Spooner in this class that I know of,” and then she proceeded to call upon Sutermeister.

29—“Where is your figure Mr. Favorite?”
 Favorite—“I didn’t draw any.”

29—“Pass to the board, there are no Favorites in this class.”

Miss Williams reading, as Miss Lennon enters the room. “But here she comes; I fairly step aside, And hearken, if I may her business hear.”

23—“What is a good topic for a three page theme?”

Larkin—“Clams.”

“Pin” Johnson ’12 made a great effort to wear out the board walk last summer. Once in a while he renews his attempt on a Tuesday or Wednesday evening.

Pete Chapman is fond of staying after school in Room 24. Finlay doesn’t seem to object either.

“What is the difference between hiesse and heiss?”

’12—“The spelling.”

Holmes, ’13, is thinking of writing a novel entitled “Lonise of Goddard Street.” He has been making a careful study of that section of the city lately.

Miss Thompson—“Mr. Nimeskern, what tripe did you tie?”

After a careful search the editor of this column has decided that the most beautiful girl in the school is in the fourth year Math. class.

’12—“Do you assimilate your food?”

’13—No sir! I buy it openly at the lunch counter.

“Bono poetae.”

’15—“The bony poet.”

’12—“Poor Atkins, the Senior, has got the sack.”

“’14“What for?”

’12—“To carry his books in, of course.”

Several members of the High School think that the Woodward girls should get statues of Pratt, ’11, and Innis, ’13, made and put up at the corner of the school grounds so that they won’t be lonely at recess.

Lewis, Finlay, Pront, Chapman, Larkin, and a few other members of the football team are thinking of appearing in vauville this fall as they have startled the world by swimming in water about three inches deep.

Mr. Roache—“What do they do for babies when they are suffering?”

Freshie—“Use Christian Science.”

Miss Howe—“All the Freshmen must sit on the floor when they go to the Hall.”

’13—“How was iron first discovered

’12—“I don’t know, but pa said they smelt it.”

In Room 11, the one, and only “White Man’s Hope” can be found.

Shorthand teacher—Mr. Clark, please make the symbol for “we” upon the board.

Clark makes an attempt and gets it wrong.

Teacher—“We” is no good; it looks too much like “you.”

Teacher—“Why didn’t you do your penmanship paper for today?”

Witty Senior—I couldn’t, I had a sore foot.

Miss Kirmayer—(to McDonald, who is sharpening his pencil) “What are you doing Mr. McDonald, sharpening your pencil?”

Reggie—“No, I’m just taking the wood off it.”

"Amabit-ne"

'15—"Ah! ma bit me."

Teacher—"Will some member of the Sophomore Class please lend Mr. B—a Treasure Island?"

Soph.—(translating to Miss Holt) "Who is more beautiful than you?"

"Doc"—"No one can appear on the gymnasium floor unless he is in a gym suit.

1915—"Please, can't I wear my bathing suit?"

"Bang! Bang! Bing! B-r-r-r-r! Toot-Toot."

Student—(rapidly running toward a certain Junior room) "Come on down and see what the explosion is."

Sedate Senior—"Explosion nothing. That's only Yaller Prout with some more of those classy socks on."

Miss Todd—"How do you spell stretch?"

1912—"s-t-r-e-c-h."

Miss Todd—"That may be the way you stretch, but I don't stretch that way."

Miss Crane—"Who can tell me who Bacchus was?"

1912—"He is a Senior that sits in Room 28."

Latin teacher—"What is the next to the last syllable called?"

Freshie—"The penut."

"Have you heard any High School jokes?"

"No, but Finlay is the biggest joke that I know of outside of Buntie Andrews."

We all wish Leon and Freda a very happy future.

Osburne Rogers is having a hard time with himself trying to decide whether his last name is Osburne or Rogers.

"What is the gender of boy?"

1912—"Feminine."

"Well it might be in your case."

A little Sophomore girl can't quite see why the legs of a right triangle are not called arms.

"Grosscup evidently studies a lot as he is always carrying that long roll of paper around with him."

That is an old blueprint of a monoplane that he carries. At the present time he has almost decided which is the front and which is the back.

"Now what always comes at the end of a sentence of this kind?"

1912—"A period of course."

English teacher—"Has anyone a question that he wishes to ask before I give a written examination?"

"Junior—"Please what time is it?"

The lunch counter has lost its attraction for several boys since they have discontinued the sale of frozen pudding.

La cigale ayant chante

'14—"The cigar has sung."

Mecca is not the champion shot of the Junior Class any longer. For further particulars apply to him.

Heard in Commercial Geography—"Where is Grand Rapids?"

Brilliant scholar—"It is in Washington or Montana. I'm not sure which.

Carl Smith, '13, ought to be able to spell Johnson by this time.

"Have you been taking a shower bath?"

"No, I've only been getting a drink of water from one of these new bubblers that appear so often in the school.

The one great question before the members of the Senior Class is! "Does Wiggins pad?"

Jannita seems to miss some of her 1911 friends.

If I-go will they let Hy-land?

Exchange Notes

As yet the "Golden-Rod's" exchange list is not as long as we should like to have it but by the next issue we hope to have lengthened it considerably. We acknowledge with thanks the following papers:

"Clarion"—(West Roxbury.)

"High School Herald"—(Westfield.)

"Oraele"—(Malden.)

"Distaff"—(Boston.)

"Volunteer"—(Concord.)

"Premier"—(Fall River.)

"Recorder"—(Springfield.)

"Radiator"—(Somerville.)

"Sagamore"—(Brookline.)

"Review"—(Newtonville.)

"Beacon"—(Chelsea.)

Through this exchange column we shall be glad to receive kindly criticisms and suggestions. However we do not care to have the column used simply to give "knocks," as they are most discouraging to a board of editors, which, beyond doubt, is doing its very best.

The "Radiator" is attractive and well arranged. The cover is very appropriate to this season of the year.

The "Beacon" is quite an interesting paper, but why not have all of the advertisements in the back of the book?

Although "The Review" joke column is rather short, it is very good indeed.

"Sagamore," your alumni column is particularly good.

The "Clarion" has an excellent literary department, but where are the jokes?

"The Diary of a Youth Who Knew All About Aviation," which is printed in the October number of the "Recorder" is extremely interesting and true to life.

"High School Herald" has an excellent Alumni Column.

The advice for the freshman in the "Premier" is good—but will he take it?

Pupil (to schoolmaster)—Sir, would you mind taking great care how you draw up my report? My parents suffer dreadfully from nerves."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

Oh, Bill, what's the Knight of the Bath?" "Why, Saturday, you bonehead.—Ex.

War!

She—"Oh, war!

He—"Why war!"

She—"Well, I just turned my ankle, and you know what war is."—*Cornell Widow*.

Teacher (American Literature)—Who was St. Vitus?

Pupil—St. Vitus was a dance.—Ex.

Where there is a will there is a law suit.—Ex.

Rube: Could you please tell me where the other side of the street is?

City Chap: Why right over there.

Rube: Well, I was just over there, and they told me over here.—Ex.

Man proposes, then woman imposes.—Ex.

Teacher eranky—pupils few,

Questions flying—zeros, too.

What's the matter—don't you know?

Monday morning—always so.—Ex.

Old Lady—"Graeious! What is that odor?"

Farmer—"Fertilizer, ma'am."

Old Lady (astonished)—"For the land's sake!"

Farmer—"Yes, ma'am."—Ex.

Brutus—"How many doughnuts did you eat, Caesar?"

Caesar—"Et tu, Brute!"—Ex.

A young seapegrace threw a ball at his sister and hit her so hard in the back of the head that the bawl came out of her mouth.—Ex.

Alumni Notes

Miss Dorothy Frye '09 of Wollaston has announced her engagement to Mr. Ralph Hall, also of Wollaston.

Miss Margaret Hall '10 of Wollaston has announced her engagement to Dr. Davis of Boston.

Miss Mabel Anderson '09 of Wollaston has announced her engagement to Mr. Swenson of Quincy Point.

We really do not know why Edna Rhodes '11, has returned for a P. G. course, as she has seemed much less interested since the class of 1910 graduated.

Dorothy Kingsbury is taking a P. G. course—we wonder why.

Mildred Bonney, May Howe and Fred Sutermeister, Olive Fay, Arvin Page and Helen Mayor have returned to take a P. G. course.

Miss Anna Larkin '10, has been engaged in practice teaching in Holbrook for the last seven weeks.

Charles Bishop '10, has an excellent position in the office of the U. S. Bonding and Insurance Co.

Cora Barnicoat '11 is perfecting her great ambition—dressmaking.

Jean Arthur '11, has gone to Tennessee for the winter months.

We see no more of Florence Luhman '11, as she has taken up her abode in the far West.

Herbert Sutermeister '11, has been appointed Boy's Director of the Hartford Y. M. C. A.

Marion Moffat '10, has gone to Cheyenne for the winter.

At the Colleges

Hammond Pride '09, has succeeded in winning a scholarship for each year he has been at Amherst.

"Russ" Bates '10, has entered Bates' College.

Gladys Baine '10, who graduated from Dana Hall last year, has now entered Wellesley.

Edna Rhodes '11, expects to enter Simon's College next year.

Margaret Lawrence, after completing her P. G. course, intends to enter Radcliffe.

Gladys Hunt '10, is continuing her course at Normal Art School.

William Northrop '10, is still working at drawing—going to the Boston Y. M. C. A. evening school.

Charles Kendall '10 has entered Boston University.

The following is a list of those members of the class of 1911 who are continuing their studies:

Paul Blackmur—Harvard College.

Edward Parks—Harvard College.

Frank Tirrell—Boston Y. M. C. A. Law School.

Russell Westland—Bryant & Stratton's.

William Manning—Burdette College.

John Pfaffmann—Andover.

Clara Bushnell—Normal Art.

Marion Bolster—Bryant & Stratton's.

Winthrop Safford—Tuft's Dental School.

Doris Straw—Miss Pierce's Shorthand School.

Artemus Dingwell—Burdette College.

Marion Downey—Bridgewater Normal.

Laura Lamb—Boston University.

Bruce Saville—Normal Art.

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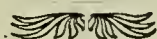
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